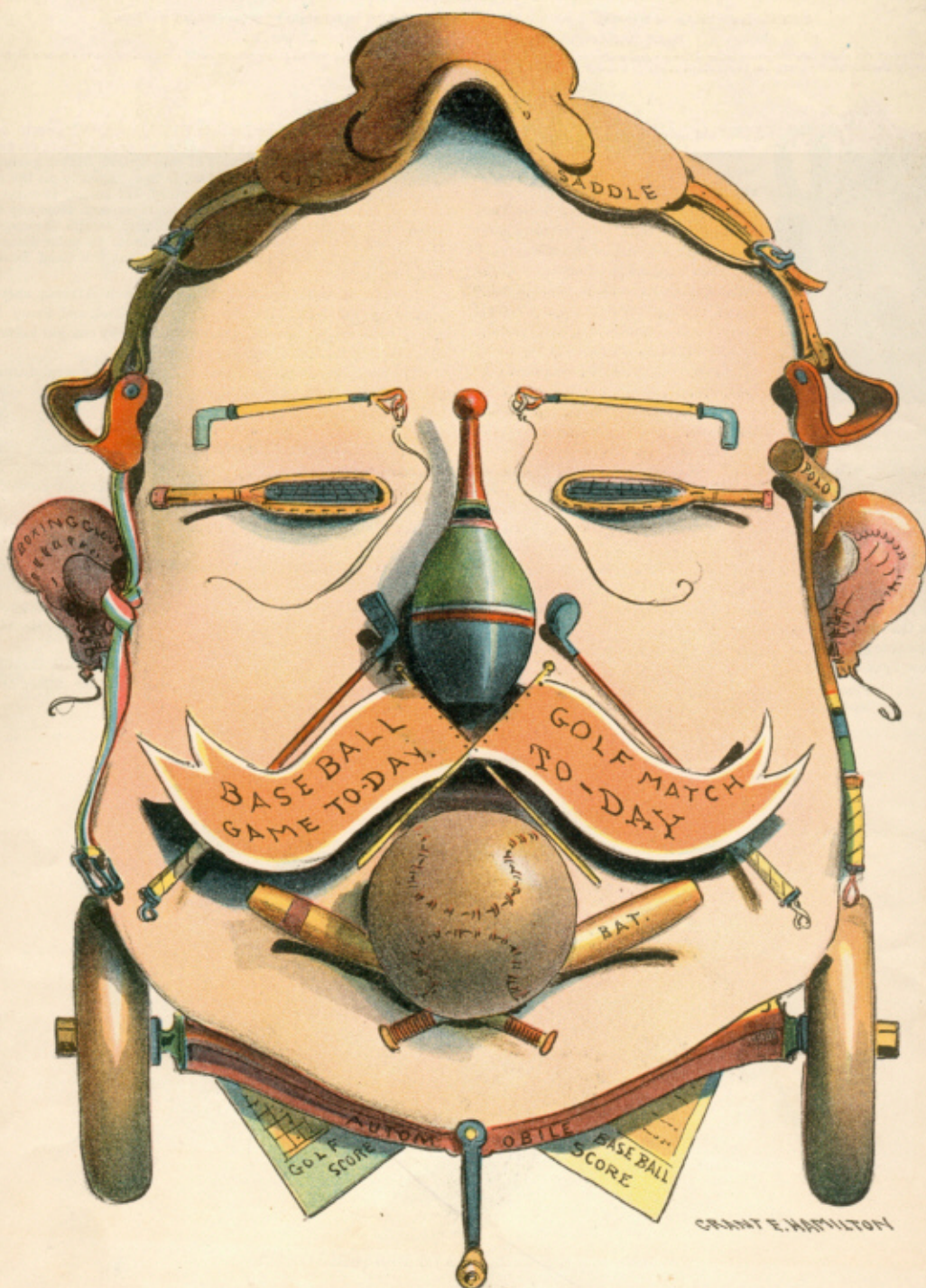


# Judge

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND CLASS MATTER COPYRIGHT, 1909

BY LESLIE-JUDGE COMPANY, TITLE REGISTERED AS A TRADE MARK



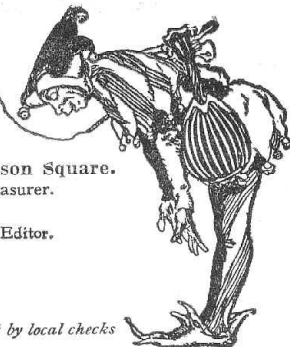
GRANT E. HAMILTON

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY LESLIE-JUDGE CO., PUBLISHERS, FIFTH AVENUE AND MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

AN ALL-AROUND SPORT



# Judge



Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Ave., New York. Cable Address, "Judgark." Tel. 6632 Madison Square.

JOHN A. SLEICHER, President. F. W. Schneider, Secretary. Arthur Terry, Treasurer.

WESTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE—1136-7 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill.

James M. Lee, Managing Editor.

Grant E. Hamilton, Art Editor.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 10 CENTS A COPY.

One year, or 52 numbers -	\$5.00
Six months, or 26 numbers -	2.50
Thirteen weeks -	1.25

Subscriptions payable in advance by draft on New York, or by express or postal order, not by local checks which are at a discount in New York City.

Postage free in the United States, its dependencies, and Mexico. To Canadian Provinces add 50 cents a year for postage; to all foreign countries add \$1.00 a year.

EUROPEAN SALES-AGENTS—*International News Company, Bream's building, Chancery Lane, E. C. London; Brentano's, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saurbach's News Exchange, Mainz, Germany.*

If JUDGE cannot be found at any news-stand, the publishers will be under obligations if that fact be promptly reported on postal-card or by letter.

BACK NUMBERS: Present year, 10 cents per copy, 1908, 20 cents, 1907, 30 cents, etc.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of JUDGE will reach any new subscriber.

The contents of JUDGE are protected by copyright in both the United States and Great Britain.

CONTRIBUTORS must inclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope with all manuscripts, otherwise return of the latter when found unavailable cannot be guaranteed.

## WHO'S WHO AT THE NORTH POLE.

POLES "is poles," and the one at ninety degrees north latitude has been discovered. If you have not read anything about it in the newspapers, it will be good news to read in the New York *Evening Mail* that "the winter Peary-odicals will be full of the discovery." Mistakes were made, of course, and the *Baltimore Sun* mentions one of Cook's in not sending the savants a souvenir postal card. Another mistake, recorded by the *Dallas News*, was the failure of Dr. Cook to look at the tongue of the Pole when he took its temperature.

The question, "What lies around the North Pole?" should be, in the opinion of the New York *World*,

changed to, "Who lies about it?" An excellent suggestion is offered by the *Pittsburgh Gazette-Times*, when this paper advises that "judgment as to Peary's claims be suspended until we know how many barrels of gumdrops he had with him." The *Chicago Tribune* has the audacity to say, "Surely there can't be two North Poles!" The deduction is made by the *Baltimore Sun* that too many stars-and-stripes nailers spoil the broth. Without explaining the reason for its position, the New York *World* holds that "any one who didn't sail in the *Roosevelt* naturally falls into the Ananias class."

The true purpose of a polar expedition is probably exposed by the New York *Evening Mail*, when its poetical editor says,

"Peary and Cook! Peary and Cook!  
Now is the time to subscribe for the book!"

On this same subject *Leslie's Weekly* says, "It occurs to some inquisitive people that they might properly inquire if Commander Peary was in the pay and service of the United States government while on his trip to the Pole. If so, is he entitled to all the emoluments from the publication of his story, his books, lectures, etc., based on his journeys? No one wishes to detract from any of the credit that belongs to Peary, yet we cannot escape the conclusion that a good deal of the courage we attribute to polar discoverers has behind it a decided hankering after what the Good Book calls 'filthy lucre.'"

A note of warning—which should reach African shores—is sounded by the New York *World*: "With Cook and Peary in the field of authorship, African hunting stories may not get better than third place in the list of the six best sellers."

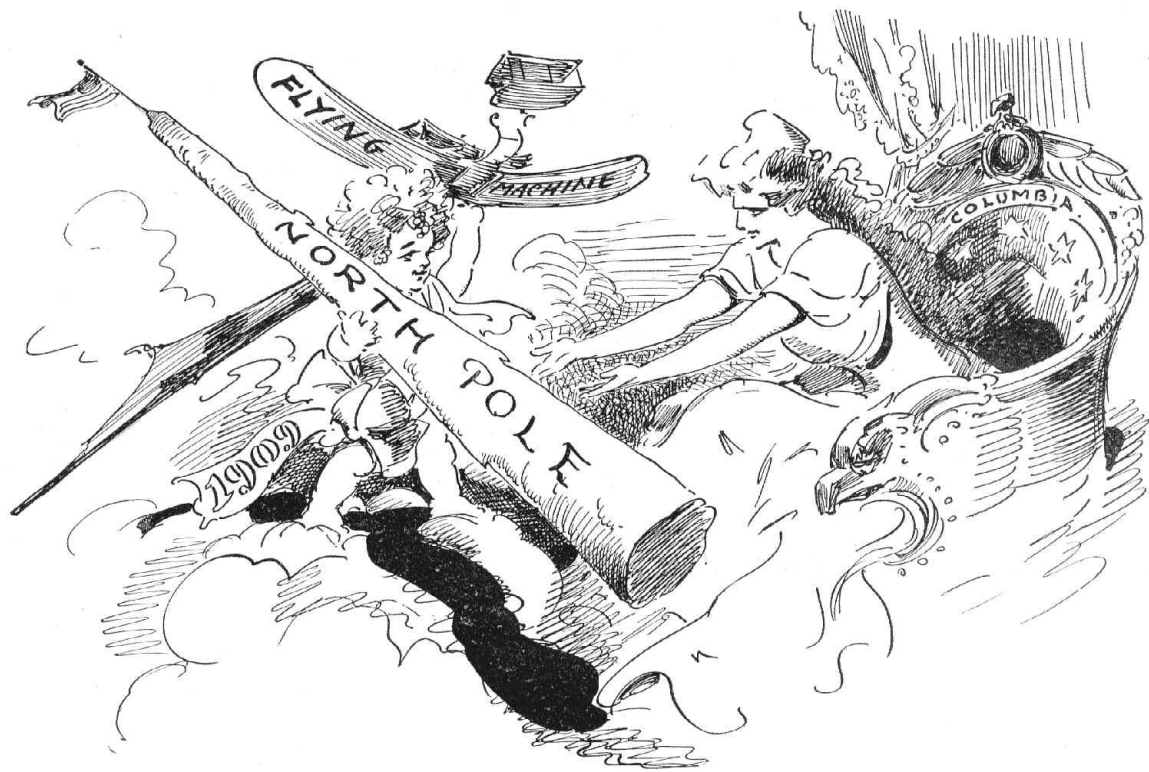
The decision of JUDGE is that the playing of a straightforward, manly game is more to be admired than mere victory.

## DRESSING BY THE CLOCK.

IN CHICAGO a chauffeur was recently fined for keeping his automobile "chug-chugging" for an hour while waiting on a public street. The excuse of the chauffeur was that he was waiting for a woman to get her pocketbook.

The judge explains his position as follows: "Woman takes too much time in dressing and primping. She will take half an hour to adjust three hairpins. 'I'll be ready in five minutes,' is her usual greeting to her escort. She will then go upstairs and take an hour fixing herself up. You might have known that and stopped your engine. Women should be made to dress by the clock, the same as a man works. They should run on schedule time."

In this decision JUDGE fully concurs, but will the Chicago jurist please tell how to enforce a decision to make women dress by the clock?



1909—"SEE WHAT I HAVE BROUGHT YOU!"



# Judge



A BIG MAN FOR A BIG JOB.

## WHO? WHICH? WHEN?



HO took the pole?  
 "I," said Cook,  
 "As you'll see in my  
 book,  
 I took the pole!"

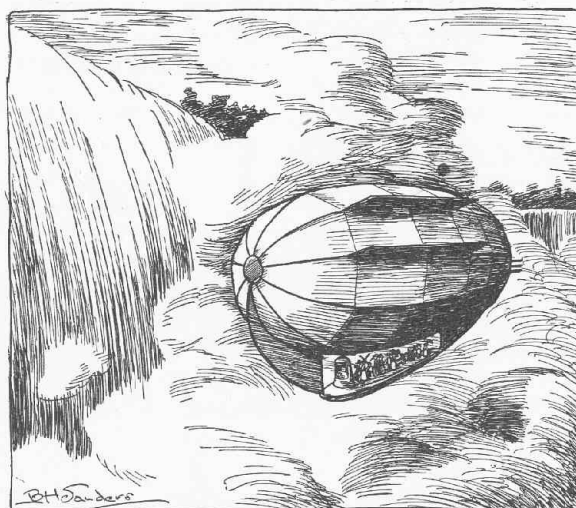
Who got there first?  
 "I," said Peary,  
 In answer to the query,  
 "I got there first."

"We're from Missouri,"  
 The people say  
 In their little way,  
 "We're from Missouri."

## ADVERTISEMENT.

### WANTED

A CHAUFFEUR who will not take joy-rides, is careful driver, not addicted to bad language, respects public rights, and is willing to take his meals with other employees on premises. Must be strictly sober always. Forty weeks engagement in our leading cities offered by the Lyceum Vaudeville Company of Jersey City. Two exhibitions daily. Salary commensurate to rarity.



THE UP-TO-DATE MAID OF THE MIST.

## TO THE EDITOR:

YOU SIT there in indifference fine.  
 To work you do not budge.  
 You never take a line of mine,  
 Yet call your paper, "JUDGE!"  
 I'd send you something very fine,  
 But what's the use? Oh, fudge!

HENRIETTA LEE COULLING.

## HOW HE GOT IT.

Wilkins—"That chap lives on the fat of the land."

Miller—"So?"

Wilkins—"Sure. He's a manufacturer of obesity remedies."

## AN OBJECT LESSON.

First kid—"Does yer ma cut yer hair?"

Second ditto—"A lady me hair? Nit. Look what happened to Sampson!"





THE KNOCKERS AT WORK.



### JUDGE'S FAVORITE.

NANETTE FLACK,  
PRIMA DONNA AT THE HIPPODROME.

The jury's verdict is that you  
Are an artist through and through,  
And the star in you we see  
Is a shining galaxy.

### SURE TEST.

*Stella*—"Can you tell if he loves you by a daisy?"

*Bella*—"No; by whether he sends me the most expensive flowers."

## Judge



### WHY HE BOUGHT IT.

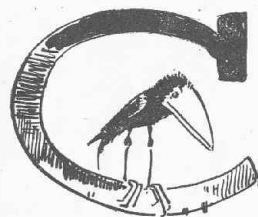
*Conductor*—"Say! aren't you old enough to know that you can't ride on a child's ticket?"

*Silas Filkins*—"Sure I be. But only yistiddy Samantha sed I wuz gittin' t' be childish-like, an' so I thought mebbe y'd let me ride half-fare."



# PRESS COMMENTS ON THE POLE DISCOVERY.

(What they probably think if they haven't said it.)



OOK started first;  
We saw him go.

*Etah Weekly Eskimo.*

Which is it, Cook or Captain Peary?  
This controversy makes us weary.  
Call it a draw and start again.

*Chicago Inter-O-she-an.*

Have any others found the Pole?  
Will some one kindly call the roll?  
What others are there, let us see—

*Sacramento (Bumble) Bee.*

We want to see that both explorers get their dues.  
One got there first, beyond all question.

*London News.*

The truth must out;  
Apply the probe  
With fearless searchings.

*Boston Globe.*

It seems quite the fashion to play in this role;  
The Cubs are now making a dash for the Pole.  
They're humping themselves, and you'll see pretty soon.  
Keep an eye on this column.

*Chicago Tribune.*

What means this rout, this row infernal?

*New York City Daily Journal.*

Give them both a roast.

*Cincinnati Post.*

FRANK W. GAGE.



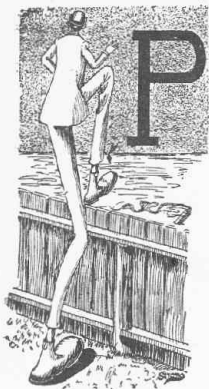
## MATRIMONIAL DIFFICULTIES.

*Mrs. Harlem*—"Mr. Bronx has at last got his daughters off his hands."

*Mr. Harlem*—"Yes; but he hasn't got their husbands on their feet yet."

# Judge

## YOU CAN'T PLAY WITH MY NORTH POLE.



PROFESSOR COOK was the big King Cole,  
Till Peary puts him in the hole  
And says his doggie dogs he stole—  
Oh, you can't play with my North Pole!

The war is on, the kettle boils,  
They're bound to make good for their toils;  
But jealousy the record spoils,  
And each the other's friends embroils.

The Pole is there, they both agree;  
But who is going up to see?  
It won't be you, it won't be me,  
To sail up in the polar sea!

I'd rather lecture on the Pole  
And let the public pay the toll;  
Or write a book and tell the whole—  
How you can't play with my North Pole!

H. B. B.

## A LOYAL SUPPORTER.

He—"I'm sick and tired of being bossed around all day by an employer! I've got some money saved up and I'm going to be independent by starting in business for myself. I propose"—

She—"Now I like the stand you've taken, Harry; it certainly shows your manliness in striking out for yourself. As for your proposal, I accept. When are we to be married?"

## WHY HE CRIED.

"WHY ARE you crying, Johnny?"

"We was playing train and I was the engine."



NO GOOD.

"See how's th' thermometer, Denny."

"It's shtopped. Sure 'tis th' same as 't waz wan hour ago."



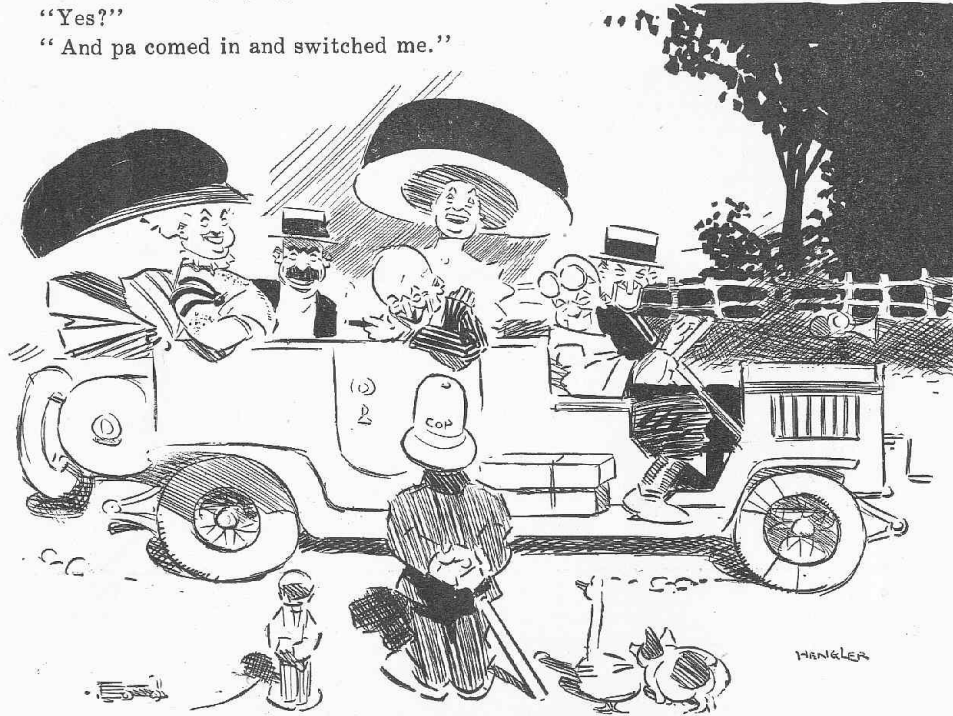
WHY HE CRIED.

"WHY ARE you crying, Johnny?"

"We was playing train and I was the engine."

"Yes?"

"And pa comed in and switched me."



SPEED LAW SUSPENDED.

*Automobilious*—"Is the automobile law enforced in this place?"

*Cop*—"Not at present. It has been temporarily suspended."

*Automobilious*—"Indeed! Why?"

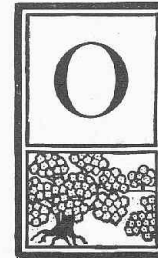
*Cop*—"Me watch is at the repair shop!"

"See how 's th' thermometer, Denny."

"It 's shtopped. Sure 'tis th' same as 't waz wan hour ago."

VERSATILE DOLLY MADISON.

(Dolly Madison was famous for her beauty, grace, and social charm. She has never been given due credit for her greatest achievement—the invention of ice-cream.—*Baltimore Sun*.)



H, CHARMING Dolly Madison,

So winsome and so gay!

The debt of thanks we owe to her,

How can we ever pay?

With her no queen could e'er compare

In wisdom, charm and grace;

Though White House dames may come and go,  
Her fame still grows apace.

Social soft soap and taffy, both  
We knew were her creation;  
But now, it seems, with ice-cream, too,  
Our Dolly blessed the nation!

WILL S. GIDLEY.

THE NEW CLERK'S REPLY.

*Grocer's patron*—"How are your eggs selling this morning?"

*New clerk* (formerly employed in book-shop)—"They 're one of the six best sellers this morning, ma'am."

A PRETTY girl with an innocent face can fool a lot of people.

## REFLECTIONS OF UNCLE EZRA.

**Y**OU HEAR' a whole lot about joy-rides these days, but the only real joy-ride is the one you take on a steamboat when all of your wife's folks get seasick.

Miss Violet Teeter expects to announce her engagement to a prominent young society man from New York as soon as she finds out his name. He was through here two weeks ago, sellin' silver mine stock, and acted like ready money.

After Hank Purdy saves up 1,987,538 more tobacker coupons, he is goin' to git a pianner, and probably he will git it in time for his great-grandchildren to play on.

It seems as though the hypotenuse is an animile whose only use in this world is to make life interestin' for circus managers and expresidents.

The feller that bets his money on another feller's game ain't half the fool that the feller is that bets his money on his own game when he ain't got any.

Speech may be silver and silence may be golden, but the phonograph is counterfeit, especially if it is owned by your neighbor in the next flat.

ROY K. MOULTON.



### CAUSE OF REJOICING.

*Deacon Jones*—Surely the world is growing better. See how happy the children are that school has started again."

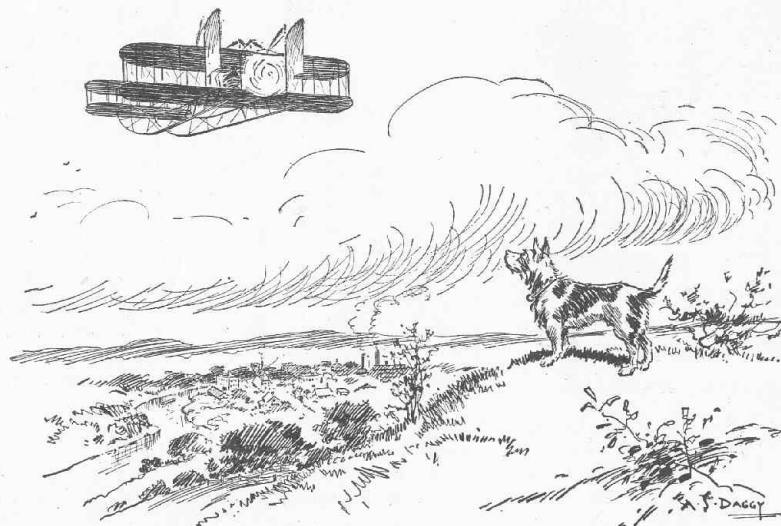
*Kids*—"Hurrah! The school house has burned down."





## THE HORSE TRADE.

"I can't say I'm stuck on him."  
"You will be if you buy him, sir!"



## TO PREPARE INFANTS' FOOD.

**M**IX ONE pint of Dope Digesto, one ounce of cream, three quarts of pounded brown bread, one gill of essence of buttermilk, two teaspoonfuls of top-milk, four gallons of water and one tablespoonful of lime water.

Cook on a hot stove until you reach boiling point, stir yourself black in the face, cool gradually in sterilized spoons by moving gently up and down or around the block.

## MATRIMONIAL RECIPE.

*Knicker*—"Can a couple live on bread and cheese and kisses?"

*Bocker*—"They can, provided the kisses are home-made and the bread isn't."

**WE** WOULDN'T mind the man who tells us about his ailments if he'd take our remedies.

### THE POOR DOG.

"I can follow on a run, a high jump or a swim,  
But when my master quits the earth I say good-by to him."

### A CONFESSION.\*

**S**HE WAS not mine—I knew it well!  
And yet so wondrous was her spell  
That, though he'd won and I had missed her,  
I caught her in the dark and —— her!

Nor was that all! I must confess  
The limit of my wickedness;  
That done, in both my arms I seized her  
And then and there, bearlike, I —— her!

And she? Dost think she turned away  
And bade me cease such amorous play?  
Not she! She neither pushed nor shoved me,  
But tremblingly declared she —— me!

And hence it was we twain eloped.  
I'd won a prize I'd never hoped  
To win; but Cupid onward sped me,  
And ere the morn fair Prue had —— me!

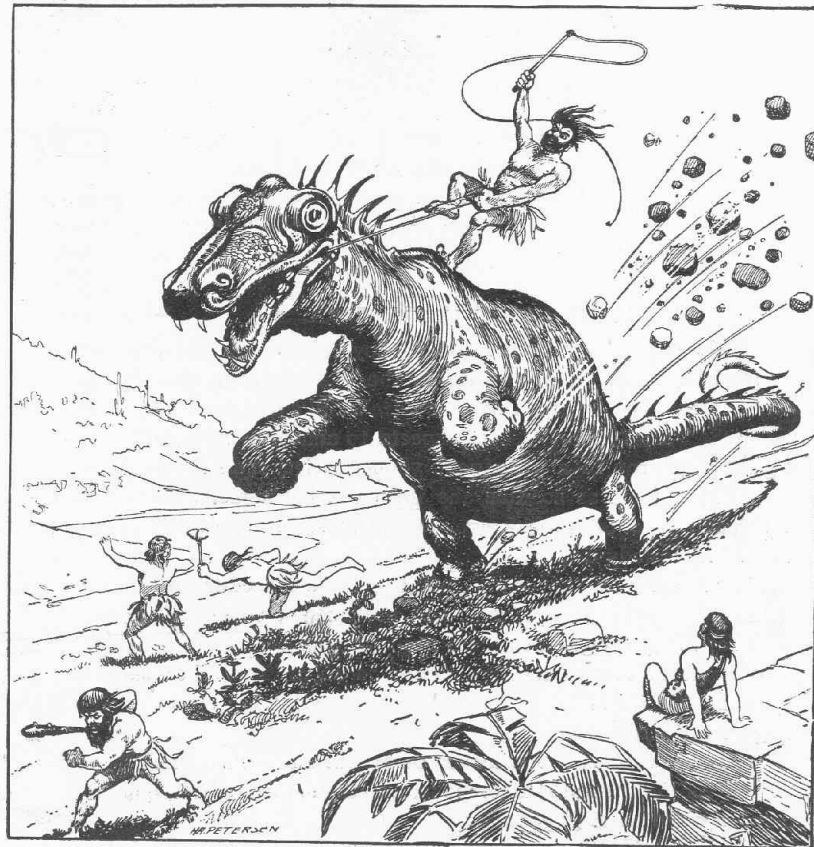
CARLYLE SMITH.

\*Missing rhymes not fit to print will be furnished on application by wire-  
less.—EDITOR.

### AS THEY LEFT WASHINGTON.

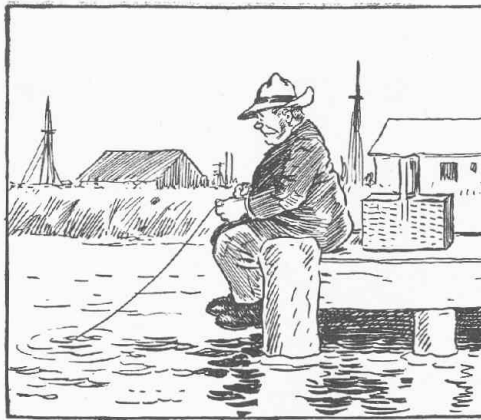
*First congressman*—"Do you expect to have a pleasant vacation?"

*Second congressman*—"No; I have about fifteen hundred constituents to whom I will have to explain my vote on the tariff."

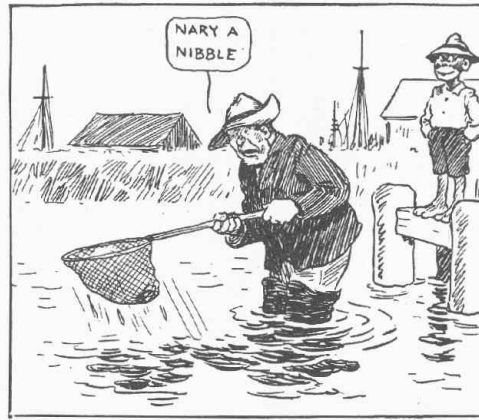


THE ORIGINAL JOY-RIDER OF THE HUDSON.

## THE YARNS OF CAPTAIN FIBB.



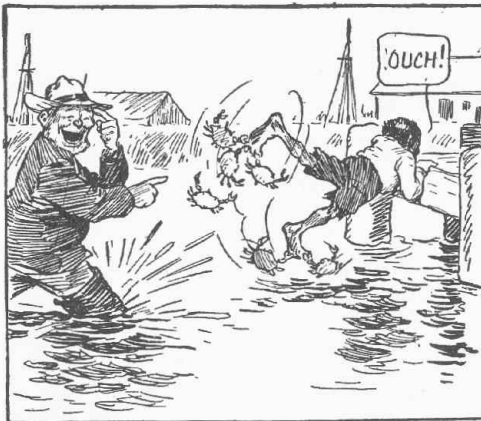
1. "No sir! Them crabs wouldn't bite nohow! I tried all kinds of bait and there wuz nary a nibble.——"



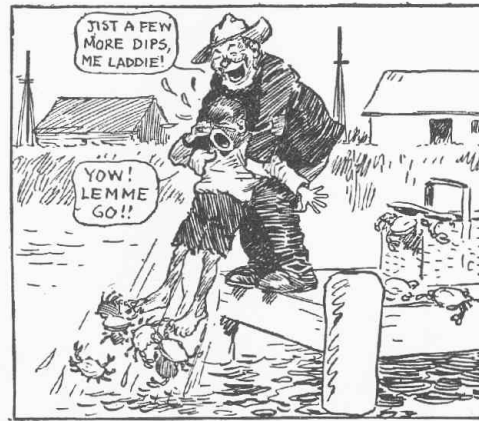
2. —— Then I used the net baited with pickled pigs' feet and other delicacies; but still there wuz nothin' doin', and ——



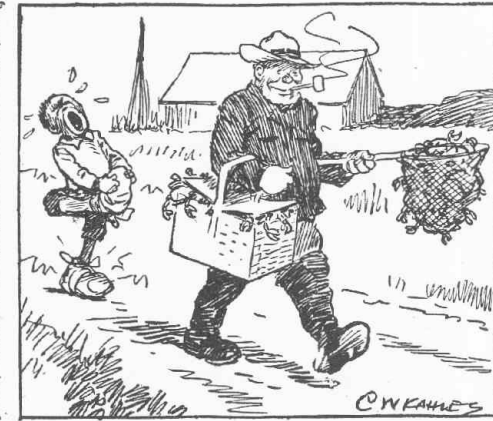
3. —— I wuz jist about to give up when there wuz a splash behind me, and derved if a little pickaninny hadn't fell inter the water. ——



4. —— Well, lash me to the mast if that kid didn't crawl out with a flock of crabs hangin' to his toes! And then I gits a bright idee! ——



5. —— I grabbed that kid and kept a-dippin' him inter the water and haulin' out crabs till me back ached! ——



6. —— And then bimeby I went home with the finest catch I ever seen in all me born days! Yep, boys, I certainly can recommend pickaninny toes for crab bait."

### WITH US AGAIN.

**A**ND NOW from mountain, lake and shore,  
All tired, crippled, burnt and sore,  
The "summer folks" come back to town,  
All feeling blue and looking brown.

We'll have to listen, as of yore,  
To fishy yarns and lies galore;  
But we who stayed at home may laugh—  
We slept in beds and had a bath.

C. H. WINCH.

### SONG OF THE FLIRT.

(With apologies to Thomas Hood.)

[Students should learn to flirt.—PROF. PALMER.]

**F**LIRT, flirt, flirt!  
Till the brain begins to swim;  
Flirt, flirt, flirt!  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim.  
Beam and smile and wink,  
Wink and smile and beam,  
Till over the men I fall asleep  
And flirt with them in a dream!

W. B. KERR.

### WITH US AGAIN.

**A**ND NOW from mountain, lake and shore,  
All tired, crippled, burnt and sore,  
The "summer folks" come back to town,  
All feeling blue and looking brown.

We'll have to listen, as of yore,  
To fishy yarns and lies galore;  
But we who stayed at home may laugh—  
We slept in beds and had a bath.

C. H. WINCH.

### IN SCHOOL.

*Teacher*—"Bobby, give me a sentence in which the verbs 'to set' and 'to sit' are used correctly."

*Bobby*—"The United States is a country on which the sun never sets and on which no other country ever sits!"

### SONG OF THE FLIRT.

(With apologies to Thomas Hood.)

[Students should learn to flirt.—PROF. PALMER.]

**F**LIRT, flirt, flirt!  
Till the brain begins to swim;  
Flirt, flirt, flirt!  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim.  
Beam and smile and wink,  
Wink and smile and beam,  
Till over the men I fall asleep  
And flirt with them in a dream!

W. B. KERR.

### HUMAN NATURE.

**J**EALOUSY and envy will crop out even in the small boy. As soon as he sees another boy comfortably ensconced on the back of a passing truck, he immediately yells, "Whip behind!"

# THE DAILY POLAR ICICLE

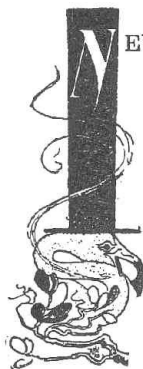
R. U. FROZEN, Editor-in-chief

VOL. I.

APRIL 30TH, 1909.

No. 1.

## SPECIAL!



**N**EVER in the history of the North Pole has the weather been so warm as it was yesterday. The ether thermometer registered but 133 degrees below zero, and it was reported that seventeen of our most respected Esquimaux died of heat prostration while engaged in their work on the new Carmorgan Library, which is being erected upon site of the old Esquimaux Baptist Church.

Yesterday afternoon a party of sightseers found a piece of brass tubing which bore the initials F. A. C., and upon looking inside found the following statement:

"Have found the Pole. It is mine; if it isn't, whose is it? The Pole is round. I painted the American flag on it. Me for Brooklyn! (Signed) "F. A. C., Explorer.

"Witnesses: { Pole Hetook, } Esquimaux."  
                  { I. C. Bignail, }

## NEW NORTH POLE HOUSE

EXCELLENT HOSTELRY  
ON THE NORTH SHORE

**I. B. ICED, - - Proprietor**

To tourists who desire satisfactory accommodations, we wish to announce that the New North Pole House is now open for guests. The rooms are guaranteed to be made out of the best block ice this side of the equator, with beds of fancy carved icicles. Steam-heated throughout by means of the new polar radiators, which are filled with cracked ice and hot bricks, thus giving a superb quality of steam heat.

Among the recent arrivals:

Reodore Thewsvelt, South Africa.  
F. A. Cook, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Com. R. E. Peary, New York, N. Y.





Copyright, 1906, by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

PLANTING THE FLAG AT THE POLITICAL POLE

# Judge

## A JUST MAN.



FROM time immemorial the justice of Solomon has been the standard to which we all have looked, and none would dare even to suggest that in later times any one has lived who measurably approached that wise man's judgments for exact fairness. There is, however, in one of our New England States, a man whose sense of the proprieties seems to us to be on a par with that of the great King. We shall not give his name, but the proof of our claim on his behalf will be found set forth herewith.

The individual in question keeps a village store in which pretty nearly everything that anybody could possibly want is to be found, from butter and eggs to tenpenny nails, gasoline and calico. To one of his customers, upon a recent occasion, this original department-store man sent a package of butter along with other supplies for his camp in the hills. A few days later the purchaser, a Frenchman, entered the store, with anger in his eyes and words trembling for utterance upon his lips.

"Ees Bill in?" he demanded of the boy behind the counter.

"Ya-as," said the boy. "Wanter see him?"

"Indeed I do!" retorted the Frenchman. "Right away quick!"

Bill was summoned, and shortly stood smiling before his patron.

"What can I do for ye this mornin', Frenchy?" he inquired.

"I haff come, sir, to show you zees last bit of buttaire—eet is awful. I haff nevaire seen its like, no, not anywhere, all ovaire zees world!" said the Frenchman, trembling with wrath.

"What's the matter with it?" asked Bill. "Ain't it strong enough?"

"It iss not that," retorted the Frenchman; "but it iss full of hair—one hair, two hair, three, four, five, six hair!"

"Wa-al! I wanter know!" ejaculated Bill.

"Oui, Monsieur Bill, it iss full of hairs, and I vish to know what you do about it."

"Why," said Bill, scratching his head for a moment, "I'll make it right, of course. Here," he added, the solution presenting itself to his quick and judicial mind at once, "here. Here's a bunch of hair-pins. You can pin it back as you go along."

THE MOMENT one drops a quarter in the flagging gas meter everything brightens up.



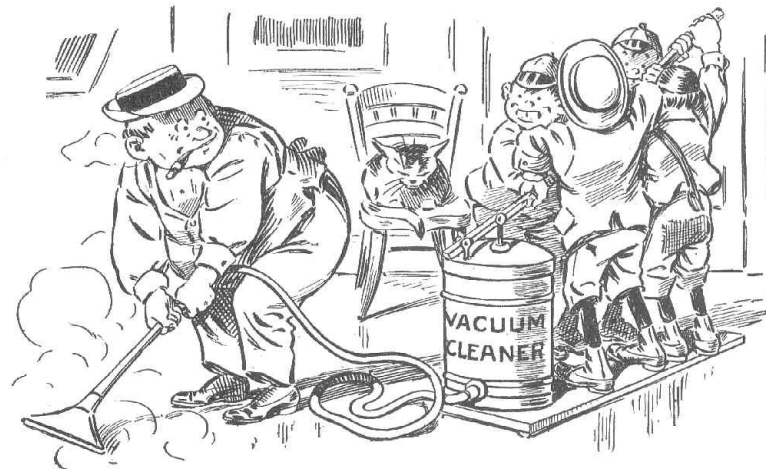
1. "Gee whiz!"



2. "Send it or take it with you?"  
"I'll take it with me."



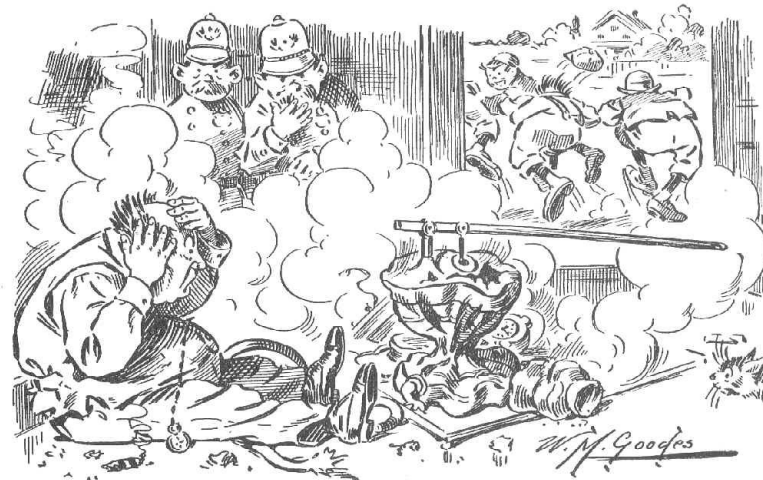
3. "There's a chance for you to make a quarter, boys; are you on the job?"  
"Sure!"



4. "Now let 'er go easy, and we'll see how this thing works."



5. "Gosh! it's drawing everything into it. Let up, you young devils! Let up!"



6. "Are you hurt, cap?"  
"I can't tell yet; the vacuum seems to have gotten into me head."



PEARY'S FINAL "DASH."

"D—— Cook!"

THE FICKLE PARENT.

A parent, when he has to whip  
His boy, is truly sad;  
But when his wife asks him to whip  
A carpet, then he's mad.

There are better fish-stories in the sea  
than ever came out of it.

CHANGED JOBS.

"What has become of that grizzled  
old fellow who used to sit on this corner  
and dispute about the Wright brothers  
and their airship?" we ask.

"He's still here," answers our friend.  
"He has merely moved to the other  
corner and is arguing that Cook didn't  
find the pole."

OLD STRAWSIDES.

(With apologies to Oliver Wendell Holmes.)

Y, tear that tattered straw hat up!  
Long has it perched on high,  
And many an eye's been shaded by  
That awning from the sky;  
But now September fifteenth's here—  
The summer should be o'er—  
And so the lordly straw headgear  
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Its brim, once white as lily bud,  
Has ceased resembling snow;  
For winds did oft into the mud  
Its erstwhile cleanness blow.  
No more 'twill press its owner's head;  
It rests 'neath fashion's ban.  
The scrap-heap harpies now shall sport  
The summer hat of man!

Oh, better that its shattered shape  
From such an end we'd save;  
Its life was spent up in the air,  
And there should be its grave.  
Oh, take it out into the street,  
While shrieks the north wind's wail,  
And give it to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale!

ROBERT G. BELLAH.

PLEASURE AND SACRIFICE.

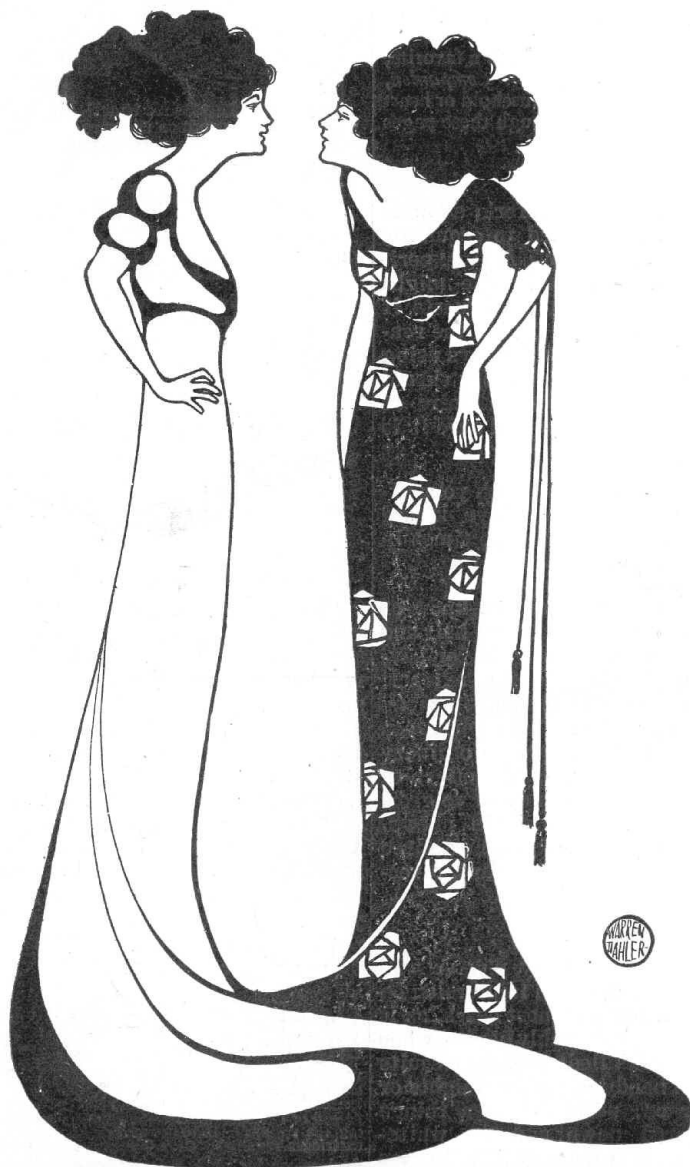
An alert little five-year-old was visit-  
ing a city park with her mother for the  
first time. She had noticed the beauti-  
ful red and white swan boats as they  
passed through in the morning, and her  
mother had promised they should come  
back after the shopping was done and  
have a ride.

Shortly after dinner they stood on the  
bridge over the lagoon, watching the  
boats below and listening to the cry of the  
barker as he tried to induce the passing  
crowds to patronize his swan boats.

But when her mother started toward  
the boat landing, little Elsie declared  
very vigorously that she did not want to  
go at all, and, as her mother urged her,  
broke forth in tears.

This sudden fear was so different  
from her former eagerness that her  
mother could not understand it, until  
she noticed the boatman's call.

He was crying, "Come along, come  
along—ride clear around the pond—only  
five cents for ladies and gents—children  
thrown in!"—*Youth's Companion*.

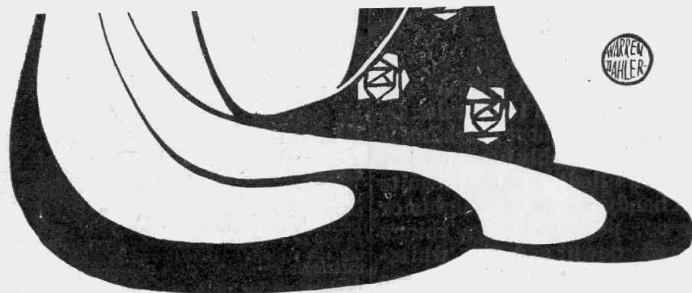


ONE BETTER.

# POSTER-PICTURES

STRIKING AMERICAN GIRL TYPES  
BY HER BEST INTERPRETER,  
PENRHYN STANLAWS



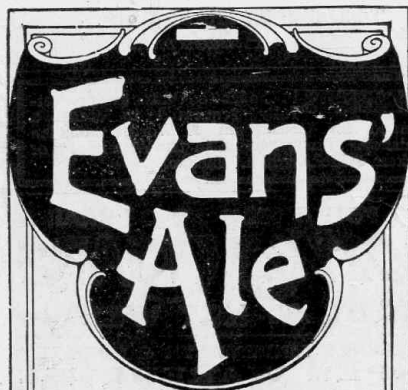


### ONE BETTER.

First actress—"I hope to stand in the lime-light."  
Second aitto—"I rather stand in the northern light."

### THE PENALTY.

"Look at Cook and Peary both standing there with their purses open! What are they doing?"  
"Paying pole tax."



It was first brewed in Hudson, N. Y., in 1786. The honesty and care that the original EVANS put into his work rejoiced the hearts of ale-drinkers. His descendants and successors followed in his footsteps, and that is why the popularity of EVANS' ALE grows daily.

Leading Dealers and Places.

### A TOAST.

To that  
Acataleptic,  
Beautiful,  
Cabalistical,  
Debonair,  
Florescent,  
Heavenly,  
Iridescent,  
Judicious,  
Kriological,  
Lethiferous,  
Nonchalant,  
Obdurate,  
Palindromic,  
Quixotic,  
Romantic,  
Seraphic,  
Utopian,  
Winsome,  
Xerophthalmic,  
Yearning,  
Zootheite,  
WOMAN.

—Life.

### "POLES IS POLES."

Teacher—"Johnny, how many poles are there?"

Johnny—"Two. The South Pole and the new American flagpole."—Ex.

# POSTER-PICTURES

STRIKING AMERICAN GIRL TYPES  
BY HER BEST INTERPRETER,  
PENRHYN STANLAWS

IN CHARACTER COSTUME, BRILLIANTLY COLORED

SOMETHING UNIQUE FOR THE DENS  
OF COLLEGE MEN AND GIRLS



# 8

For

\$1.50

Sent postage prepaid, on receipt of price, by

**LESLIE-JUDGE COMPANY**

225 Fifth Avenue

New York

Copyrighted, Judge Co., 1908.

Size 8 3/4" x 14"

In answering advertisements please mention JUDGE. It will be appreciated.

## PHILIP MORRIS ORIGINAL LONDON CIGARETTES

A Philip Morris  
Smoker  
is a  
Philip Morris  
rooter,  
now and always

CAMBRIDGE 25c.  
regular size  
AMBASSADOR 35c.  
after-dinner size



"The Little Brown Box."

# Pears'

Learn to say "Pears'" when you ask for soap. There are other soaps, of course, but Pears' is best for you and matchless for the complexion.

You can buy Pears' everywhere.

# Judge



## JUDGE'S WOMEN'S

## DEPART- MENT

For the benefit of our women readers in the myriad homes where JUDGE is a favorite, we have entered into an arrangement with the famous editor of *The Perfect Ladies' Companion*, Mr. Hik Hok. Any perfect lady among our readers who has troubles of household or heart may go in perfect confidence to Mr. Hok, who will at intervals convey through these pages advice or comfort, as the case may demand.

### HELPS AND HINTS.

Gwendolyn—No; never, never speak to a strange gentleman in the park who wishes to go walking with you, even though he may be good-looking. Do you not remember that the villain of every play is always handsome? If you must address him, assume an air of hauteur and say, "I wish to walk, sir" (pause while sweeping him with a glance, then add), "but alone."

E. H. S.—You ask if watermelon "may be eaten from one's hand if held in a dainty manner." You are half right, but safety and good form require that both hands be used. Some gifted persons manage a slice with one hand, although they commonly do it for effect; but the usual woman must always use two hands. If you refer to a carbonated or mineral watermelon, the newest and most recherche custom is to use a platinum straw. (See answer to A. G. W.)

Rosebud—No, a debutante at a dinner party ought never, never to use a knife for peas. This is too much like playing marbles for keeps or like pigs in clover, both of which sports are frowned upon among the elect. It is considered much

more embonpoint to use a fork, as more time can then be devoted to acquiring poise and ease of manner. An inexperienced girl with a loaded knife might cause untold havoc among the guests if suddenly spoken to, and this is the reason for fashion's decree of always using a fork. A girl before her debut should use a spoon. Never point a knife at any one, even though you feel sure it is not loaded.

C. B. C.—He is trifling with your affections. He should not have kissed the other girl more than three times in your presence. I fear he is a flirt.

A. K. F.—For thin hair we know of nothing better than to take the hair and gently, but firmly, massage it for several minutes with radium extract. Then, after carefully placing it in an upright position, rap it sharply between three and four times with an ordinary tack hammer. This has the effect of checking the hair's inclination to grow tall, and soon it assumes the plump, chubby appearance so much to be desired at present, in place of the scant, directoire mode of last week.



It is impossible to artificially produce the rare flavor, delicate mellowness and bouquet of

## Sunny Brook THE PURE FOOD Whiskey

It is all natural whiskey distilled and aged in the good old honest Kentucky way. Each bottle bears the Government "Green Stamp"—a positive assurance of full age, proof and quantity.

Sunny Brook Distillery Co.  
Jefferson Co.  
Ky.

### MORE IMPORTANT THAN EYES.

The pretty young teacher was struggling to impart spelling-book lore to a small Italian boy. "Chief" was the word under consideration. "C-h-e-f," spelled Tony laboriously.

"Oh, now, Tony," she said, "you've left out one letter. Can't you think what it is?"

Tony shook his shiny, black head.

"Its name is just the same as something you have," she went on, looking straight into his eyes. "I can see them looking at me this minute, right out of your head—two big, brown ones."

"Bugs!" shouted Tony triumphantly.

The  
Magnificent New  
**Hoffman House**  
MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK  
Absolutely Fireproof

The finest type of modern hotel architecture in New York. Beautifully furnished. Comfort and luxurious ease.  
Located in the very heart of New York, where all the life and fashion of the metropolis centre.

Room	.....	\$1.50 and \$2.00
Room and Bath	.....	\$2.50 and upward
Parlor, Bedroom and Bath	.....	\$5.00

Service and cuisine far famed for their excellence. Delightful music afternoon and evening.

Send for particulars and hand-some booklet.

**A. A. CADDAGAN**  
Managing Director

## BIND YOUR COPIES OF JUDGE

An excellent binder for fifty-two copies will be sent postpaid for \$1.25. Write to-day for one.

**LESLIE-JUDGE CO.**  
225 Fifth Avenue New York

Mollie Bawn—When your husband criticised the biscuits made by your own fair hands, even though it was unfair of him, it was a waste of muscle and good victuals to throw the whole plate of them at his head. The plate alone would have been sufficient. The best plan is always to remove the eatables before heaving any of the dinner dishes at a husband who has the temerity and impoliteness to find fault with

your cooking. The empty platter will make just as much of an impression on him, and even more in most cases, as it can be thrown considerably harder when empty than when filled; and the biscuits will come in handy as paper weights or to eat later on, perhaps, when things have simmered down and the white-winged dove of peace begins to coo and hovers over your household once more.

W. S. G.

## Wit and Wisdom of the Nursery

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE DELINEATOR.)

### THE BEST PROOF.

Little Ted, seven years old, was sent to the bathroom for a "good scrub" before dinner, but returned so quickly that his mother declared he couldn't possibly have washed himself. He replied, "Truly I did, mother; and if you don't believe it, you can just go to the bathroom and look at the towel."

A few dashes of Abbott's Bitters add greatly to the appetizing and tonic effect of a glass of wine.

### HIS RECEIPT.

A Southern banker recently told the following about his eight-year-old son. The boy had been invited to spend a week with some little friends in the country. "Stay and keep me company, Jack," said his mother. "Father goes traveling this week, and I shall be all alone. Here is a five-dollar bill for you instead of the visit."

Jack promptly closed with the offer, and the banker as promptly borrowed the five dollars, at current interest, thereby keeping, as he observed when telling the story, both the boy and the money in the family.

Some two months later Jack wanted to recall the loan.

"What five dollars do you mean?" asked the banker.

"Why, the five I gave you."

"I haven't any five dollars."

"But I gave it to you. Mother, didn't I give him five dollars? You saw me."

"I certainly did," she replied.

"Where's your receipt, then?" demanded his father. "Do you mean to say you've been lending money without getting black and white to show for it?"

"Mammy," said the boy, appealing to his nurse, "didn't I give papa five dollars?"

"You poh' little lamb!" indignantly exclaimed the old woman. "Co'se you done gib it to him, honey."

"There, papa," said the budding lawyer triumphantly, "there's the black and white of it."

### SWEET LIBERTY.

Little Egbert one day observed his mother making tea. "What kind of tea is that, mamma?"

"Why, I don't recall the name. Why do you ask?"

"I was just wondering whether it was the Libby tea we sing about at school."

## Wizard Repeating LIQUID PISTOL



Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury. Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any liquid. No cartridges required. Over 6 shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c. Rubber-covered Holster, 10c. With Pistol, 55c. Money-order or U. S. stamps. No coins. Parker Stearns & Co., 294 Sheffield Ave., Dept. E, B'klyn, N.Y.

### WELL DESCRIBED.

Three-year-old Louise, when riding on a rapidly moving electric car, gazed intently out of the window a few moments, then exclaimed, "Mother, just look at the sticks [telephone poles] running home!"

### INFERRED.

The journals give too little space  
To one plain fact, forsooth;  
The arctic zone is not the place  
To search for frozen truth.  
—Philadelphia Ledger.

**CANADIANS** in the United States are respectfully requested to create a demand for Gooderham & Worts Canadian Whiskey. Stock carried in the Warehouses of Wakem & McLaughlin, Chicago.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

**HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS  
PAPER WAREHOUSE**

Nos. 32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street.  
Branch Warehouse, 20 Beekman Street, New York.  
ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER

**ROMEIKE'S** Press Cutting Bureau will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you may want to be "up to date." Every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States and Europe is searched. Terms, \$5.00 for 100 notices. HENRY ROMEIKE, 110-112 West 26th Street, New York.

In answering advertisements please mention JUDGE. It will be appreciated.





H.A. PETERSEN.

**Shear Steal.**

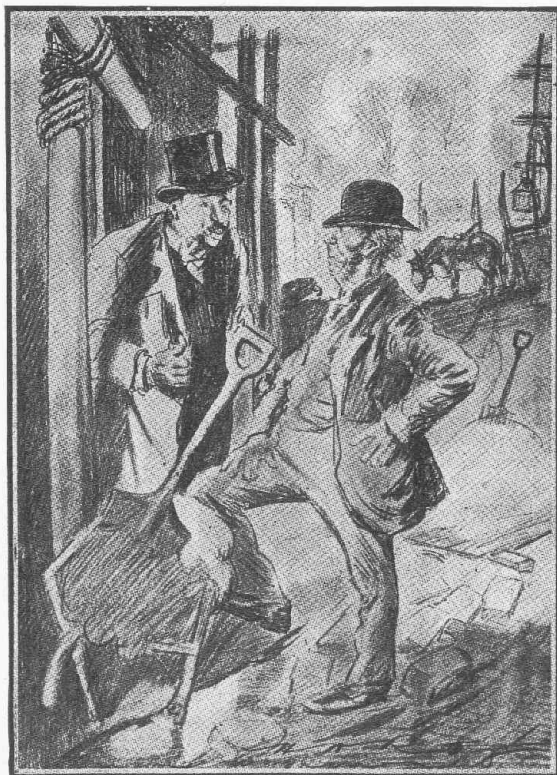
#### THE RULING PASSION.

The editor was dying, says an exchange, but when the doctor bent over, placed his ear on his breast and said, "Poor man! Circulation almost gone!" the dying editor sat up and shouted, "You're a liar! We have the largest circulation in the country!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

#### A SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN.

*Mr. Green*—"Now I'm going to tell you something, *Ethel*. Do you know that last night, at your party, your sister promised to marry me? I hope you'll forgive me for taking her away."

*Little Ethel*—"Forgive you, *Mr. Green*! Of course I will. Why, that's what the party was for!"—*Tit-Bits.*



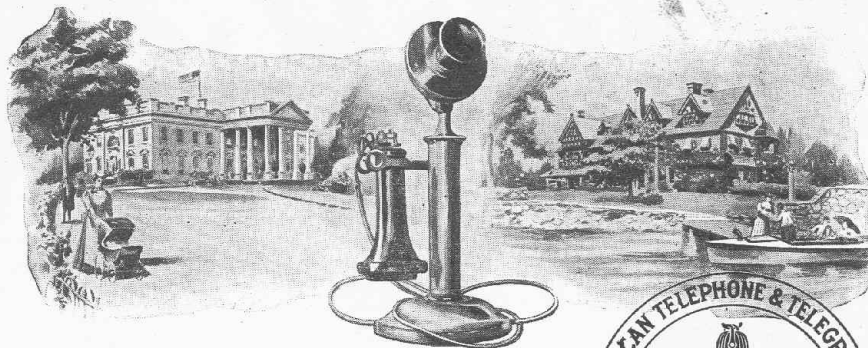
#### "WELL BEGUN."

*The builder* (to the new foreman)—"Well, *Tim*, getting along all right? Where are all the hands?"

*The foreman*—"Sure, I've sacked 'em all, to show 'em who's foreman now."—*London Sketch.*

*Judge*

## In The Public Service



The President of the United States works for 80,000,000 people all the time.

He needs rest and change to keep him fit for his work, and yet he cannot neglect his official duties, he must always be within reach.

When Washington was president he rode his horse as far as Mount Vernon and kept in touch by messenger with the affairs of state. The President to-day has a wider range and can seek the cooling breezes of the New England coast.

*The long distance telephone keeps him in constant communication with the capital and the nation.*

The railroad will carry him back to Washington in a day, but usually he need not make even this brief journey. The Bell telephone enables him to send his

voice instead, *not only to Washington but to any other point.*

The Bell system performs this service *not only for the President, but for the whole public.*

This system has been built up so gradually and extended so quietly that busy men hardly realize its magnitude or appreciate its full value.

Forty thousand cities, towns and villages are connected by the Bell system, which serves *all the people all the time.*

***The Bell telephone has become the implement of a nation. It increases the sum total of human efficiency, and makes every hour of the day more valuable to busy men and women.***

The highest type of public service can be achieved *only by one policy, one system, universal service.*

**The American Telephone and Telegraph Company  
And Associated Companies**



THE VAMPIRE HAT.  
(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

A girl there was and she bought a hat,  
Even as you and I!  
And the crown was deep and the brim  
was flat—  
'Twas smothered in onions and things  
like that—  
And on the top perched a vampire bat,  
With a button for an eye.

Oh, the times she went and the time she  
spent  
And the various shapes she scanned,  
Before she discovered the maison where  
She purchased this *recherché* affair,  
You probably understand!

Now she lived in a suite, oh, *très petite*!  
Even as you and I,  
With everything up to date and neat,  
Electric lighting and steam for heat;  
But the width of the hall was scant two  
feet!  
We know them, you and I.

Oh, the toil it cost and the sleep she  
lost  
And the wonderful schemes she  
planned  
To get that Paris creation in—  
To her tiny flat was a crying sin!  
And if I should tell you, you wouldn't  
begin  
To really understand.  
(Sufficient to say that, being a  
woman, she did it.)

Now this girl had a husband, slim and  
tall,  
Even as you girls could!  
And when he came home he heard her  
call,  
And he found her wedged in the narrow  
hall  
Between the hat and the plaster wall,  
And she couldn't stand and she couldn't  
fall,  
And she couldn't creep and she couldn't  
crawl,  
And she looked—well, really not at all  
As a perfect lady should!

And it wasn't the shame and it wasn't  
the pain  
That burnt like a white-hot brand;  
'Twas the language that her husband  
threw  
At that vampire hat with its bows of  
blue—  
His remarks I'll not repeat to you.  
You wouldn't understand!

Did the girl discard that vampire hat?  
Not on your royal life!  
She bought another worse than that  
And added a foot to the height of her  
rat,  
For a man must be trained to things  
like that—  
That's the mission of a wife!  
—*William Cary Duncan in Good House-*  
*keeping.*

**Every Bell Telephone is The Center of the System**

Enjoy a Personally Conducted  
Tour by—



Illustrations by

James Montgomery Flagg

If You Haven't Read  
**Nervy Nat's**  
**Adventures**

you've missed a good share of life's fun. He insists upon getting into scrapes. Can't help himself. And you're glad he can't, for it's a pile of fun to watch his maneuvers. He laughs his way into your affections by his colossal nerve.

**85c**

Postpaid

**Leslie-Judge Company**  
225 Fifth Ave., New York

In answering advertisements please mention JUDGE. It will be appreciated.

Judge

# White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

Now ready, 1909 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanack," the hit of 1908. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., N. Y. City.

## REFLECTED HUMOR

### HIS ANSWER.

"Do you love me?" he asked.  
In reply, the modern young girl looked at the modern young man with eyes fervid with emotion.

"Do I love you?" she repeated. "I do. I love you psychologically, sociologically, economically. From the psychologic standpoint, I feel that our different organisms are so nicely differentiated as to form a properly articulated area of combined consciousness. Sociologically, our individual environment has been enough in contrast to form a proper basis for a right union. Economically, I feel sure that when we come to combine, we shall be able to introduce into the management of our affairs the right financial balance to produce the scientific result which every well-ordered and conducted business produces. And now, how do you love me?"

The young man reached forward. He clasped her swiftly but surely in his arms. He hugged her long and plenty. He kissed her alabaster cheek and her ruby lips.

"How do I love you?" he replied. "My dear girl, I love you just as much as if you really knew what you were talking about."—*Exchange.*

### BATTLE OF BOSTONTOWN.

Constructively to right of them, Metaphorically in front of them  
The imaginary instruments of war constructively thundered;

It was theirs to cogitate upon the reason why,

So that they might differentiate between those who should constructively die

And those who, constructively overwhelmed, should fly—

Otherwise some responsible head might have blundered.

Into supposed jaws of death,  
Into the for-the-sake-of-argument jaws of perdition,

Stormed at with theoretical shot and shell,

Rode the metaphysical six hundred;  
Bridges succumbed to metaphorical stress,

The constructive heroes perished apparently at the moment of success—  
Fatally wounded in the subliminal consciousness

While constructively, all the world wondered.

Honor, mathematically, the charge they made,

Euclid's theorems for the part they played,

While the differential calculus and logarithms in mines constructively laid,

Detonated and left the ranks constructively sundered—

Subtracted from the constructive jaws

## Awards Month Puzzle Contest

(See Issue of Judge  
for Aug. 7th, 1909)

1. January
2. July
3. December
4. August
5. March
6. Evans' Ale

The award of prizes—made in accordance with the conditions printed in JUDGE for August 7th, 1909—is as follows:

### FIRST PRIZE

\$5.00

Awarded to

William H. Powell, 53 South Gay Street, Baltimore, Md.

### SECOND PRIZE

\$1.00

Awarded to each of the following:

Winifred F. Ticer, Huntington, Ind.  
L. F. Iverson, New York City.  
Ernest Langgood, Baltimore, Md.  
W. A. Poyck, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.  
J. C. Bogart, Hannibal, Mo.

### THIRD PRIZE

A year's subscription to  
JUDGE'S LIBRARY

Ella B. Barnett, Paducah, Ky.  
William H. Lloyd, Freeland, Pa.  
Edith Lee, Baltimore, Md.  
A. T. Mallett, Baltimore, Md.  
Winifred L. Prouty, Denver, Col.  
Ada T. Drake, Fredonia, N. Y.  
Jennie Ellis, Raleigh, N. C.  
A. L. Cohen, Memphis, Tenn.  
Jacob B. Prager, New York, N. Y.  
Arthur P. Burgess, Norfolk, Va.  
M. Hersberger, Sewickley, Pa.  
H. Hackbarth, Columbus, O.  
M. B. Benham, St. Paul, Minn.  
Frederick Russell, New York, N. Y.  
J. G. Ward, Beaver Falls, Pa.  
J. Bradley, Montgomery, Ala.  
John Eyerman, Jr., Oakhurst, Easton, Pa.

I. Wendell Gammons, South Braintree, Mass.

In Winter  
IT'S A COLD

In Summer  
IT'S BOWEL  
COMPLAINT



Be good to your poor old stomach these hot days and restless nights. Don't ask it

to assimilate raw, rank, non-descript whiskies. Give it good pure, gentle old

## I.W. HARPER

FIRST AID TO DIGESTION

## EVERY WOMAN

is interested and should know about the wonderful

MARVEL

WHIRLING SPRAY  
DOUCHE



Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies. Address

MARVEL CO., 44 East 23d Street, New York

Relieves CATARRH of

SANTAL

the  
BLADDER  
and all  
Discharges in

For 50 Cents YOU WILL

"Please Find Inclosed."

# For 50 Cents YOU WILL "Please Find Inclosed."

James Montgomery Flagg.



Copyright, 1909, by Judge Co.

And it's worth it!

Size, 14x16, in sepia.

The above is a companion picture to "Awaiting Your Reply," of our unique Business Man's Series.

New prints published monthly. Ask to be put on our list.

**LESLIE-JUDGE COMPANY**

225 Fifth Avenue

NEW YORK

Euclid's theorems for the part they played,  
While the differential calculus and logarithms in mines constructively laid,

Detonated and left the ranks constructively sundered—  
Subtracted from the constructive jaws of death,

Letting "x" equal the theoretical jaws of perdition,

The problem is to solve the equation trigonometrically,

And we shall have the remainder of the six hundred, constructively.

—*W. D. Nesbit in the Chicago Evening Post.*

Sliced oranges are more appetizing after a few dashes of Abbott's Bitters have been added.

## FOUND OUT.

"Would you like to hear a secret involving Mrs. Nextdoor in a dreadful scandal?"

"Yes, oh, yes! Tell it to me!"

"I don't know any such secret. You have certainly got a mean disposition."  
—*Houston Post.*

## PREVENTION.

*Cholly Softbed*—"Say, Mr. Killtime, I—er—love your daughter and want to marry her. Is there any insanity in your family?"

*Mr. Killtime*—"No, young man, there's not; an', moreover, there ain't er-goin' t' be!"—*Chicago News.*

## EFFECTIVE.

"The climax to his wooing was very romantic. He proposed to her on the verge of a mountain gorge."

"What did she do?"

"She threw him over."—*Baltimore American.*

Ir. Hackbairn, Columbus, O.  
M. B. Benham, St. Paul, Minn.  
Frederick Russell, New York, N. Y.  
J. G. Ward, Beaver Falls, Pa.  
J. Bradley, Montgomery, Ala.  
John Eyerma, Jr., Oakhurst, Easton, Pa.

I. Wendell Gammons, South Braintree, Mass.

R. E. Dougherty, Seattle, Wash.  
F. D. Ballard, Los Angeles, Cal.

## FOURTH PRIZE

A year's subscription to  
**JUDGE'S QUARTERLY**

Awarded to each of the following:

Charles R. Barker, Anniston, Ala.  
Mrs. J. McNamara, Detroit, Mich.  
William Renssner, New York, N. Y.  
Howard Coleman, Baltimore, Md.  
Mrs. Georgia Fullmer, Eaton, Col.  
Harry M. Konwiser, Newark, N. J.  
Claudia Pinkney, Charleston, S. C.  
Norma Marek, St. Paul, Minn.  
Charles A. King, San Francisco, Cal.  
Stephen Szendy, New York, N. Y.  
John N. Kolb, Elizabeth, N. J.  
John C. Rand, Boston, Mass.  
Dr. Raymond Jones, Flat Rock, Ill.  
Dr. J. W. West, Moline, Ill.  
Ora De Voe, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Margaret Ross, New Orleans, La.  
Glenn Lowry, Braddock, Pa.  
E. Becket, Seattle, Wash.  
E. Gordon Sims, Bogalusa, La.  
Mrs. C. J. Klick, Muskagee, Okla.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

## A NEW WRINKLE.

"Thar's a sign up there, daddy, what says, 'Don't blow out the gas.'"

"Well, who blowed it out? I jest hit it a lick with my britches an' I hain't seen nothin' er it sence."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

MARVEL CO., 44 East 23d Street, New York

Relieves CATARRH of the  
**BLADDER**  
and all  
Discharges in  
**24 HOURS**  
Each capsule bears the name **SANTAL MIDY**  
Beware of counterfeits.  
Sold by all druggists.

**RHEUMATISM & GOUT**  
PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY  
THE ENGLISH REMEDY  
**BLAIR'S PILLS**  
SAFE & EFFECTIVE, 50c & \$1  
DRUGGISTS.  
OR 95 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

## ACCIDENT EN ROUTE.

The severest punishment ever inflicted upon little Mabel was to wash out her mouth with soap. This punishment was reserved usually for those occasions on which she indulged in bad language. The child was a favorite at the kindergarten, and when one day her elder sister appeared alone, the teacher hastened to ask with solicitude if Mabel were sick.  
"Oh, oh, no!" replied the sister; "but she's very bad to-day. She's had two washouts already this morning."  
—*Red Hen.*

## A CHEAP TRIP.

"What did your European trip cost you?"  
"Two hundred and fifty dollars in tips and a few incidental traveling expenses."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Lots more people would want to live in the suburbs if it was improper to do it.

In answering advertisements please mention JUDGE. It will be appreciated.





BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HUNGARY.

#### NO USE.

Our little girl was in the garden, vainly calling a pet kitten that was up a tree. On account of the thick foliage she could not see that the kitten was climbing higher all the time, but her sister, who had been watching from an upper window and could plainly see the kitten, called disgustedly, "Minna, Minna, come into the house! You're calling the wrong end of her!"—*Ex.*

#### A USEFUL REMEDY.

Little Jamie, aged three, was playing with his little friend, Jack. At the time Jamie chanced to have a rather heavy cold and was sneezing quite often. Jack's mother heard him several times and sympathetically asked, "Why, Jamie, what a cold you have! Doesn't your mother give you anything for it?" "Yes, ma'am," Jamie very respectfully answered; "she gives me a clean handkerchief," whereupon he produced the prescribed "remedy."—*Delineator.*

#### THE CORNCOB PIPE.

Its bowl, so round, is stained and browned  
By many a soothing draft;  
Its stem is plain, nor would I fain  
Have one of daintier craft.  
No carving nice or quaint device  
Could swell the pleasures ripe  
That come to me, so full, so free,  
From out my corncob pipe.

#### HUDSON AND HIS CITY NAMESAKE.

The city of Hudson, on the Hudson

by the Dutch Patroon. They brought

# Judge

## THE NEW CORDON BLEU. TO DR. COOK, OF THE NORTH POLE.

I.

If you can swear upon your soul  
That, having passed the icy seas,  
You have unearthed the long-lost Pole  
(And, though your tale sounds like a wheeze  
Told to marines by giddy middies,  
I must not doubt its bona fides);

II.

If it is true that you achieved  
The dash across those dismal floes,  
In isolation unrelieved  
Except by stuffy Esquimaux,  
Let me, although a mere landlubber,  
Anoint your head with oil of blubber.

III.

On you the general gaze is bent;  
Our feelings even grow obtuse  
About that other world-event,  
The football-gladiators' "truce";  
A deed like yours seems, after all,  
More vital than a game of ball.

IV.

And most we marvel how you nursed  
So long in secret such a sprint;  
I should have thought it would have burst  
Out through your pores in sudden print.  
Is there a case of such restraint  
In Yankee records? No, there ain't.

V.

Even the *Mail* was months behind  
The date of your accomplished fact;  
Nor should I be surprised to find  
Its polar correspondent sacked,  
Who missed you in the arctic night  
Through an amazing oversight.

VI.

Meanwhile it weighs you in the scale,  
It puts you through the critic's sieve,  
And finds the New York *Herald's* tale  
"An Unconvincing Narrative."  
In rival type it almost looked  
As if the whole account was Cooked!

VII.

Yes, there are skeptic eyes to face;  
Men who will cry, "You talk about  
Your Esquimaux who joined the chase?  
Well, let us see 'em; trot 'em out!"  
And others, "If you reached the goal,  
Where's the result? Produce your Pole!"

VIII.

Myself, I liked that first report,  
Laconic as a rifle's crack,  
Which showed (without details of sport)  
You'd done the journey, Pole and back,  
Fulfilling your tremendous mission  
"While on a polar expedition."

IX.

In that last line there is the ring  
Of truth that proves your word is good.  
Some might assert they found the thing  
While skating in the neighborhood;  
But you located its position  
"While on a polar expedition."

X.

Well, there have been great Cooks before,  
Voyagers famed beyond eclipse—  
James, who discovered many a shore,  
And Thomas, who invented trips;  
Nor can there be, in my poor view,  
"Too many Cooks" like them and you.  
—O. S. in *London Punch.*

Modesty, just as much as lack of it, is pretty much all habit.—N. Y. Press.

## The Voice of Reason

"Drink it for  
Health and  
Contentment"

Always the Same  
Good Old  
Blatz



First in  
Quality and  
Character

Remember The  Label

**BLATZ**  
BEER  
MILWAUKEE

Order a case sent home

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe  
or Buffet  
Insist on "Blatz."  
Correspondence invited direct.

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE.

#### OVER THE FENCE.

"I hear, Mike, that your wife has gone into society. Has she become a clubwoman yet?"

"Indade, and she has not; she still uses a flatiron, sor."—*Red Hen.*

#### THE BETTER WAY.

First Boston child—"Do you believe in corporal punishment?"

Second Boston child—"No; I can usually make my parents do what I wish by moral suasion."—*Life.*

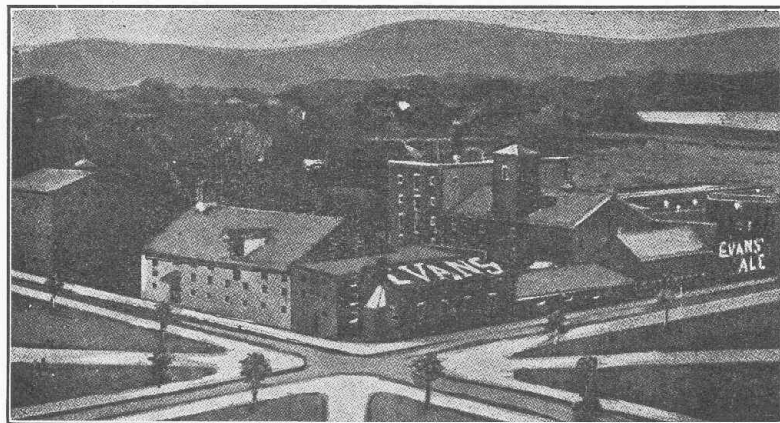


## HUDSON AND HIS CITY NAMESAKE.

The city of Hudson, on the Hudson River, about 115 miles north of New York, is one of the oldest cities in the commonwealth and holds a very enviable reputation, by reason of its healthfulness and the natural beauty of its surroundings. It is a quiet, self-contained community, but represents a great deal of wealth, and has not a few flourishing industries.

According to tradition, Henry Hudson landed from the *Half Moon* on what is

by the Dutch Patroon. They brought with them from the old country a natural fondness for good old ale, and here, as in the still more venerable city of Albany, a brewery was one of the first of the industries that came to be established. Benjamin Faulkins founded it, and then it fell into the hands of the Evans family, three generations of which have maintained the high reputation and popularity established for its product by the founder, and have made



now the site of the Evans' Ale Brewery, and described in the records as a beautiful chestnut grove sloping down to a stretch of sandy beach. The famous Evans' Ale Brewery was established in Hudson one year after the incorporation of that city (1785). Hudson was founded by people from Nantucket, then a very important whaling station. These English settlers located their thrifty establishments in the midst of the wide stretch of fertile lands in the Hudson valley, which were then owned

Evans' Ale a standard production throughout the world.

The success of this industry is due in no small measure to the jealous care with which the Evans family have maintained the reputation of their product. Every traveler on the Hudson River Railroad who passes the city of Hudson notices the enormous brewery establishment at the base of the city, back from the river, which bears in great letters the sign of the famous and venerable Evans' Ale establishment.

Modesty, just as much as lack of it, is pretty much all habit.—*N. Y. Press.*

*Second Boston child*—"No; I can usually make my parents do what I wish by moral suasion."—*Life.*

## GOING TO COLLEGE?

That's the question uppermost.  
Next in importance is

### HOW TO FURNISH MY ROOM?

Prints of pleasing design and artistic worth are the most acceptable remembrance to the student who is fitting up his room.

Our catalog (which will be sent on receipt of ten cents) shows a large selection to meet the wants of the most discriminating lover of prints.

*Prices, 25c. to \$1.00*

*Trade supplied by the W. R. Anderson Co.  
32 Union Square, New York*

**Leslie-Judge Company**  
225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

James Montgomery Flagg



Copyright, 1909, by Judge Company  
"THE ONLY WAY TO EAT AN ORANGE"  
Photogravure in Sepia, 12 x 16  
FIFTY CENTS

Hand-colored  
ONE DOLLAR

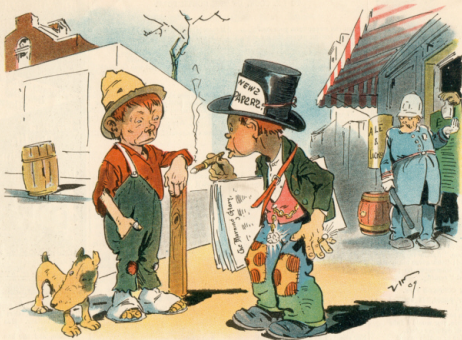
James Montgomery Flagg



Copyright, 1909, by Judge Company  
"THE THIRD DEGREE"  
WHEN JOHN PRODUCES HIS FIANCEE  
Plate-marked Photogelatine Print  
in Sepia, 12 x 16  
FIFTY CENTS

In answering advertisements please mention JUDGE. It will be appreciated.

# Judge



## NO SUCH LUXURY.

Tuffy—"W'at makes yer look so seedy, Bub?"  
 Bub—"Cause I's a orphan!"  
 Tuffy—"Gee! w'at's dat?"  
 Bub—"Why, I hain't got no fadder nor no mudder."  
 Tuffy—"Well, who de deuce licks yer?"



A LONG PULL.

Nelaw—"It's a long drink ye is takin', Molke."

Molke—"That's thras. Me mind was somewhere else."

Nelaw—"Phais, Oi wish yer mouth and yer thirist had been wid it."